

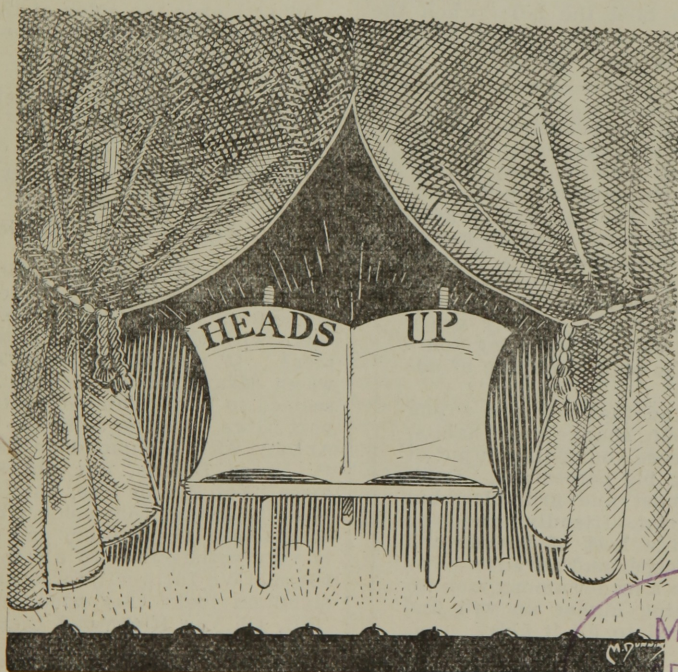
HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Thursday, April 3, 1919

Vol. II "Let a fool hold his tongue and he will pass for a sage" No. 80

Again—Movies at Red Cross House Tonight

Courtesy of Y. M. C. A.



"All the world's a stage"

ARMY
MEDICAL
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In writing to advertisers
mention HEADS UP

Officer of Day—Capt. Repp

HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

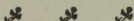
Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

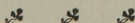
Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Any one can hold the helm when the sea is calm.



Study your possibilities—physical, mental and spiritual. Try to learn if your ambitions lay within reach of your natural gifts. If you find that you are out of gear in certain ways, set about to repair your faulty machinery. Try to make the most of your job. Talk with men higher up and try to learn from them. Study and try every conceivable way of improving yourself. Always plan some line of advance.

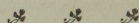
If you find that you are wrong with yourself, change your habits. It will increase your daily output of energy by a big percentage. Don't be a pessimist and grumbler, but grow cheerful, friendly, and you will attract a host of friends and you will prosper and advance. You will become a leader among men for every opening higher up will find you prepared to fill it ably.



THAT YOU MAY KNOW.

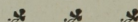
Barrage is concentrated shell fire on enemy trenches or land between trenches, to stop the enemy or prepare for attack. "Cooties"—small, but exceedingly annoy-

ing vermin infesting soldier's clothes. As pleasant as fleas. "Digging in"—digging trenches and dugouts in captured land. "Emplacement"—a position built of earth or sand bags behind which a machine gun is fired. "Flare"—rocket fired from a pistol to light up ground in front of trenches. "Iron rations"—food carried by soldiers for use only when cut off from supplies. "Patrol"—advance guard which goes out for prisoners or information.

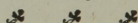


TELL ME.

Why is ice slippery?
Why is the sea never still?
Can a plant see?
What are eyebrows for?
Why does milk turn sour?
Why is snow white?
Do the stars really twinkle?
What makes the color of the sunset?
What makes knots in wood?
What makes an echo?
What makes shadows?
Why is it warm in summer?
What is camouflage?



Patience is a remedy for every sorrow.



ZIP! ZIP! ZIELINSKI.

The ex and also now editors, thought they were "some dog" as letter writers, but our old side-kick, Sarge Zielinski, is there with the fluent pen and more fluent ideas. It was some letter and radiated warm regard for old Debark. 52. Zielink seemed to like Richmond better than Newport News. Really, as in the case of Mark Antony with Richmond as Caesar, and N. P. N. as Brutus, our old Sarge merely loves "Not Brutus less, but Caesar more." We also gather that aside from the urban comparison, the military end of the change is very satisfactory to all the gang down there. We further infer that the port assignment looks very good to the soldiers, "But, Oh you Richmond Girls!"

"HOW YOU GONNA KEEP THEM DOWN ON THE FARM?"

After the rangdoodle, here's the consolation jack-pot. That, on the call for enlistment, General March reports, that one out of every ten, clamoured to get back into the service and were back in six weeks. We on the S. O. L. side of the dis-

HEADS UP

charge line may, after crossing it, call the territory we've left the S. I. L. ground. In addition to the thing wanted not being attractive after it is possessed, Khaki was ever more picturesque than mufti.

THE SNAKE'S TAIL STILL MOVING.

The sun hasn't set yet, or to mix a simile, of a killed snake with printer lore, number 30, has not blanketed us yet. Note well, or as our overseas patients would have it, REGARDEZ VOUS! Plans are under way for enlisted men's dance, Saturday night, and a baseball game Sunday afternoon at 2 P. M. Here's the how of it. The dance will happen if we can find two certain people, and we think we can. More later on this subject.



Never find your delight in another's misfortune.



FROM ELSEWHERE.

(This time from Hump.)

Corporal Hanson,

"Editor" of Heads Up:

Dear Corporal:—Well, here I am back home again, as the song goes, and thoroughly enjoying everything. Went from Newport News to Camp Dix and after waiting there 8 days, finally got out last Monday. The army red tape is certainly awful. Have been wondering what has been happening at Richmond College. Do you think you could spare a few minutes from your busy life to tell me a few of these things? Suppose you know Smith is working on a Hosp. train at Camp Stuart and Zielinski was in the Registrar's office the last I heard. Am going to write them and find out how much (?) they are enjoying themselves. Am having a good time this week as I am going to work next Monday. Have you any idea if you are going to get out when the place closes? By the way I asked you to send me "Heads Up" from the day I left. That would keep me posted and it is always interesting to me. How about it? Just wanted to drop you a few lines so you wouldn't think I had forgotten my old side-kick who used to partake of victuals at midnight with me. Be sure and let me hear from you and your paper.

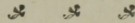
Sincerely,

W. M. HUMPHREYS.

1520 Glenwood Ave., Phila, Pa.

ABOUT THE BASEBALL.

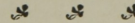
We interviewed Corporal Cane-Carrier Stauffer. Of course everybody knows that he is so interested in his work with his clean-up squad that he could be scarcely wheedled into showing any interest in baseball. None the less, this nonchalant young man had time to say, "Yes, Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, we, the Medics, will play the Q. Mers. If they won't play us, we'll pick two teams and play anyhow. Maybe we'll let the officers play." Everybody snap in on this, wag the old snake's tail, and dodge number 30 another few days. (Out but never Down.)



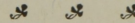
GENERAL GUFF FOR RANK, FILE AND SLOPERS BOTH ELSEWHERE AND HERE-ING.

This columnist had a little "Heads Up" fanning bee with the Sergeant Major. He was speaking of the title "Heads Up" (after we made him do it, because we liked the subject). He heard it in baseball parlance too, but said that when the section gang were at work on the tracks the lookout for the approaching trains sounded the warning to "get in the clear" by shouting "Heads Up!" We wonder, and we're thinking now of the pre-Italian days when Paddy worked on the railway, if that is why we always thought our own James J. Walsh said, "Heads Up!" with a fuller meaning than anyone else on the post.

AND WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF THIS, ELSEWHERE, if Dominic, in charge of the Q. M. Corps, and Slats-Up were the only two officers left on the Post? Can you see it? It might happen. Possibly they could alternate as Commanding Officer, every other day.



All latest magazines have been placed in the old Nurses' Recreation House—transferred from the Library.



IN THE BONEYARD.

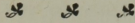
RATTLE NUMBER ONE.—When the time changed Sunday, March 30, Slats-Up reported to the K. O. at 9 A. M. Gave Capt. Morgan quite an argument, too, when he tried to put the poor boob right on the time.



RATTLE NUMBER TWO—Somebody stacked one of the Ford Cars up against

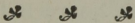
HEADS UP

a tree down off the path leading from the old Canteen to the Detachment Office. This somebody cannot be further identified here than to say he was with the O. D. of that day. This stacking up and smashing of the Ford is known in some circles as "Pulling a Slattery." "How come?"



GHOSTS!

Eddie Foy used to sing a song about a troupe stranded in Peoria because of a ghost that never walked. Believe us or not, in contrast to the wonderful Eddie, all slopes on this post are full of ghosts. Today, Mr. Johnson, the Mr. Johnson came into the office, and said good-bye to the Staff. Maybe it was because he was a big fellow, or maybe because of the close-up permitted us, but anyhow, his ghost, tall and straight and big, has joined the flitting evanescent troupe that float over our slopes and dim the eye and make the throat catchy from time to time.



WITH OUR REPORTER.

Splunging Nick—Cpl. Stauffer, was seen Monday night in a box seat of a downtown show. Somewhat lonesome, was it not, Corporal?



Place: Richmond. Time: 12:15 A. M. Tuesday Night. Characters: Sgt. Robinson, Cpl. Rowe and Pvt. Midkiff.

Scene 1.—Sgt. Robinson and Cpl. Rowe racing out to catch last car going to Westhampton, at Broad St. Station. Midkiff gives a good chase up Broad St. All three join in race around the loop. Curtain.

Scene 2.—Time: 12:30 A. M. Three dusty figures file out of a "Lizzie" at brick barracks.



MORE TO THE OUTERGONE—Sgt. 1st Class Price leaves to Camp Hill for discharge.

Pvt. 1st Class McClellan transferred to Camp Stuart, for further observation and treatment.



We want to know where Greenberg gets that salad-eating stuff. At 816 Franklin St., we guess.



Sgt. Blanchard was sauntering around the post yesterday morning carrying a split basket on his head, berry-hunting.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—Wrestler and Shoemaker Fisher wishes all articles belonging to him returned at once. Not to mention all Q. M. "I. O. U's" or he will take further action.



A conversation concerning sending a message to a friend in Phila. was on, and after suggesting to Sam about sending it by telegraph, Sam replied, "No, I read that the telegraph company held up all night letters and sent them by messenger on the first train, so I have decided to send it a quicker way." He says, "Tell-a-woman!" Aren't he clever?



Prohibition? Bah! It's all moonshine!



"Twins at your house, eh? I'll bet they're pretty boisterous." "Partly so. One of them is girlsterous."



Dunning:—Was she shy when you asked her her age?

Midkiff:—Yes, I imagine about ten years.



Shevy says: Rum-hounds are baying in hope that they will turn into bay rum-hounds.



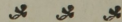
RIGHT OFF THE BAT—"O'Brien, Oi hov wan for yez. If a man is born in Lapland, lives in Finland, and dies in Poland, phwat is he?" "That's aisy. A car-rpse."



Sentry:—Halt! Who's there?

Challenged One:—Bugler of the post, Furne.

Sentry:—Stand where you are, you son-of-a-gun. There will be no reveille in the morning.



WHAT WILSON IS.

W—is for the "Willingness with which he undertook the task,

I—is for "Independence" that the world has got at last,

L—is for the "Loans" that the people gladly gave,

S—is for the "Stamps" that helped us all to save,

O—is for the "Ocean" on which we now sail free,

N—is for the "Nation" the land of liberty. Put them all together, and the name is of a man,

Thank God he is our President, and a real American.

SEE YOU TOMORROW.